

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at severall doores.

Poet.

Ood day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes
the World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: ice
Magick of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniu'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuat goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It flames the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jew. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedic-
tion to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing (slip't idly from me,
Our Poetrie is as a Gowne, which vles
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flies
Each bound it chafes. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.

Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, 'tis comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th' dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,

It tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Lives in these touches, huielie then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke mee.

Po. You see this confluence; this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnbout to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timons nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.

The Base o'th Mount

Is rank'd with all defects, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among't them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord Timons frame,
Whom Fortune with her luery hand waits to her,
Whom present grace, to present flayes and seruants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

Timon of Athens.

With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:

All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his eare,
Make Sacred euen his styrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord Timon, that meane eyes haue seene
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curtously
to every Sutor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mef. My good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meane most short, his Creditors most strait:

Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those haue shut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius, well:

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend while he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe,
Which he shall haue. He pay the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship euer binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;

'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? Lucilius.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. Timon, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first haue bene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:

The Maid is faire, a'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my dearest cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)

Ioyn with me to forbid

My selfe haue spoke in vain

Tim. The man is honest

Oldm. Therefore hee w

His honesty rewards him

It must not beare my Dau

Tim. Does she loue him

Oldm. She is yong and

Our owne precedent passi

What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the M

Luc. I my good Lord

Oldm. If in her Marria

I call the Gods to witness

Mine heyre from forth th

And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she b

If she be mated with an e

Oldm. Three Talents

Tim. This Gentleman

Hath seru'd me long:

To build his Fortune, I w

For 'tis a Bond in men. G

What you bestow, in him

And make him weigh wi

Oldm. Most Noble L

Payne me to this your H

Tim. My hand to thee

Mine Honour on my pro

Luc. Humbly I thank

That state or Fortune fyll

Which is not owed to yo

Poet. Vouchsafe my

And long live your Lord

Tim. I thanke you, yo

Go not away. What ha

Pain. A peece of Pain

Your Lordship to accep

Tim. Painting is wel

The Painting is almost th

For since Dishonor Traff

He is but out-side: These

Euen such as they giue ou

And you shall finde I lik

Till you heare further fro

Pain. The Gods pres

Tim. Well fare you

We must needs dine tog

Hath suffered vnder prai

Jewel. What my Lord

Tim. A meere satiety

If I should pay you for't

It would vnclew me quit

Jewel. My Lord, 'tis

As those which sell woul

Things of like valew diff

Are prized by their Ma

You mend the Jewell by

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No my good L

Which all men speake w

Tim. Looke who co

Jewel. Wee'l beare w

Mer. Hee'l spare no

Tim. Good morrow

Gentle Apemantus.